

Eleven Looks Different: Stranger Things Weight Gain

Story by gettingchubby

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Mike W.

Pairings: Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-11-07 23:14:01

Updated: 2017-11-07 23:14:01

Packaged: 2019-12-17 04:46:52

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 934

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Eleven has put on a few pounds since things calmed down in Hawkins. Slight/realistic weight gain. Featuring Mike.

Eleven Looks Different: Stranger Things Weight Gain Story

This is a WIP realistic weight gain fanfic about Eleven from Stranger Things. Don't like? Don't read.

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It had been a few years since the town of Hawkins had finally returned to normal, and Eleven was nothing short of a superstar now. But she never liked the spotlight, and neither did her friends, so they did their very best to continue living average lives. Instead of making famous friends or sucking up to the media, Eleven had taken to sleeping over in a very familiar place: her fort in Mike's basement, where it all began. Sure, Hopper's legally her dad now, but he'd given her all the freedom in the world now that she'd literally saved the world. Oh, and there's also that little thing... Young love, between her and Mike. Not that they'd ever admit it, of course.

But over time, Mike had noticed something interesting happening to Eleven. She had always been thin as a rail. But ever since things had calmed down in Hawkins and she'd practically moved in with Mike, and had people fulfilling her every wish left and right, she'd finally been able to relax and get treated like a queen. And it was starting to show... in her waistline.

Sitting next to each other at the D&D table, with Eleven's attention absorbed in the stack of Eggo waffles in front of her, Mike awkwardly snuck a glance up and down her body. Her face looked the same as ever, but... there was no ignoring that stomach. It was unusual to see a girl their age with a body like that—the result of growing up skinny, and then suddenly getting all the food she ever wanted—and Mike was morbidly fascinated. Granted, she was still adorable as ever, and still perfectly healthy, but there was a very noticeable bulge in her dress that he'd noticed growing larger week by week. Standing up straight, her little gut was beginning to stick out noticeably, especially given her lack of any breasts to balance it out. Sitting down, it squished into a distinctly unladylike gut that was especially noticeable when she slouched, which she very often did. Mike was

fascinated by this girl who had somehow saved the world, yet also grown up without the social norms that would have put a stop to this new overindulgence.

Suddenly his eyes met hers, and he realized how long he'd been stupidly staring at her. *Crap!* Had she noticed? She didn't seem to. He looked away rapidly, and blurted out the first thing on his mind:

"Want some more Eggos?"

He immediately winced and kicked himself, hearing the words leave his mouth. She'd been stuffing her face with syrup-soaked waffles literally all weekend, and as much as he secretly adored her growing belly, he also felt the pressure to watch over her health. She clearly wasn't doing a very good job of that.

"Yes please," sang Eleven, and let out a little burp. Mike gulped.

"Are—are you sure? You've been wolfing those down nonstop, how do you have room for any more?" sputtered Mike, battling between responsible caretaker and fascinated onlooker.

"I'm sure," stated Eleven confidently. "This is the best food I've ever had!"

Mike was just about to head to the cupboard to grab some more from her enormous stockpile of Eggos, when he heard Eleven's all-too-familiar cry of "MIKE?"

"Yes?" asked Mike, turning to look at the stuffed girl at the table.

"Can you bring the whipped cream and candy back out? I want an extra special Eggo sundae," she pleaded, cracking that adorable, semi-alien smile and gazing at Mike. Well, he thought... in for a dime, in for a dollar.

He came back and unloaded his arms onto the table—waffles, candy and all. Eleven's eyes lit up, and she sprang into action spraying whipped cream and dotting her dish with all kinds of candy. No sooner had she finished than she dove in face first, gobbling down the sugary platter as if she hadn't eaten in days. Mike couldn't take his eyes away.

After a minute, she noticed his eyes and began to slow, then stopped her eating. "Hey Mike?" she asked meekly.

"Yeah El?"

"Is all this food making me... well..." She gingerly pulled up her dress, flustering Mike by revealing not only her underwear, but also a chubby little belly pooched between her training bra and her legs, spilling over slightly in every direction. Mike was transfixed—he was right. It was definitely different from the body he'd briefly gotten to hold at the Snow Ball. Her protruding paunch looked very out of place on her otherwise thin frame, and he knew it was at least partially his fault. But then again, she totally deserved to eat whatever she wants. She friggin saved the world, right?

"Mike?" she repeated shyly, prodding her soft belly. "Is this okay?"

"Of—of course it is!" exclaimed Mike. "It just means... It just means that you're eating well!"

Eleven smiled brightly. "Good. I like eating well." Their eyes met yet again. "Can you... rub it?" she asked innocently.

"It would be an honor," answered Mike, his heart racing. He pulled his chair closer, and placed his hand on her stomach. It was so wonderful, warm, soft and fatty—she clearly hadn't gotten any exercise during her months of sleepovers and candy coated waffles. But Mike loved it all the more, and rubbed it gently. This is how it should be, he thought. Eleven rewarded handsomely for her service, with all the waffles she could ever want. And it showed.